

with a friend--but, no, such things are out of the question and if we are lucky we are told "not to let it happen again". If we get into assembly late for apparently no good reason at all, we are the receivers of some frigid stares by the faculty. If these things happen often our "number" is taken by the faculty and our excuses are checked carefully.

All of this is, of course, perfectly all right--we must have rules and we understand and appreciate the fact. But, why, oh, why, doesn't the faculty observe a few rules in being on time? Any morning we see some of them coming into home room late. Why? They oversleep or felt disinclined to hurry, but they need not worry because they don't have to offer excuses. The bell rings for a class, and the teacher is nowhere in sight. Oh, he (or she) is down stairs talking to another faculty member about who's going to win the next World's Series, or if a car should get over 20 miles to the gallon or if it looks as if it is going to rain. Finally, after several minutes, the teacher bustles into the room and rushes the students because so much time has all ready been wasted.

Occasional tardiness is excusable in a teacher as much as in a student but habitual tardiness is excusable in neither..

If the faculty wishes to chat, it is their business--if they really have something of importance to discuss, far be it from me to stop them. However, if a student

can do his discussing and chatting in free time and out of school, why can't a faculty member do the same? Surely, the teachers are privileged--but are they setting a very good example and aren't they carrying their privileges a little too far?

-----Louise Ann Parker

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LITERARY

Friendship

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. How many persons we meet, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read language of those wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. Pleasant are those jots of affection on which relume a young world for me again. Delicious is a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought in a feeling. How beautiful, on their approach to the beating heart the stops and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed: there is no winter, and no night: all tragedies, all ennui vanish; all duties even; nothing fills the preceding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God, the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I, but the Deity in me and in them, both deride and cancel the walls of individual character. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble

A new person is to me always a great event, and hinders me from sleep. I have had such fine fancies lately about two or three persons, as have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day: it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friends accomplishments as if they were mine--wild, delicate, throbbing property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as he himself does. We overestimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his, his names, his form, his dress, books and instruments, fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed, though every man passes his life in search of it.

Rules of Three

Three things to govern:
tempor, tongue, and conduct.
Three things to cultivate:
courage, affection, gentleness.
Three things to despise:
cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.
Three things to wish for:
health, friends, contentment.
Three things to give:
alms, comfort, appreciation.
Three things to pray for:
family church, country.

I enjoy working with a professor, but never for him.

Emily Dowhirst